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Japanese regard themselves as on the summit level of civilization, and apprehend deteriorizing influences from foreign intercourse. In default of an object so sacred as the forcing of opium upon their consumption, it is hardly probable that any attempt will be made forcibly to open their ports to European or American commerce. In case of such an enterprise, Japan would offer a much stronger resistance than China did, both on account of the vast extent, and the limited accessibility at any one point, of its insular coast, and the superior bravery of its people. We are glad to be assured, by the last Message of the President of the United States, that no hostile demonstration is intended in the Japanese Expedition now in the process of fitting out. The design simply is, to facilitate negotiation by an imposing show of force in the armament, and of art, skill, genius, luxury, and munificence in the presents with which it is charged to the imperial court. But we fear that the *nil admirari* habit sits too strongly on court and nation, to be disturbed even by the "ten miles of railroad," or the most costly achievements of barbarian handicraft.

7. — *A Memorial of Daniel Webster, from the City of Boston.*
Little, Brown, & Co. 1853. 8vo.

THIS beautiful volume is one of great immediate interest, and hereafter will be sought for as a precious record of the feelings called out by the death of Mr. Webster, in the city where he was best known. It contains an article, reprinted from the Boston Courier, of October 20th, only four days before the sad event which it foreshadowed, although it seems to have been the first warning which roused the public attention to a great impending calamity. This is followed by a sketch of Mr. Webster's last illness and death, from the pen of George Ticknor, Esq., the lifelong and faithful friend of the great deceased. The main body of the volume is taken up with the account of the most solemn and affecting meeting of the citizens of Boston, on the day following the death; the eloquent and moving speeches delivered on that occasion; the proceedings of public bodies in the city, and the addresses in which various members spontaneously poured out their emotions; the proceedings, speeches, and resolutions of literary and scientific bodies, such as the School Committee, and the American Academy; the proceedings and addresses in the Courts, in which the most eloquent

advocates expressed their sense of bereavement in the loss of him who was the brightest ornament of the bar ; an account of the funeral at Marshfield on the 29th, and the simple and singularly appropriate address by the officiating clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Alden ; and finally, the public solemnities, held in the city of Boston, on the 30th of November, with the eulogy delivered by the Hon. G. S. Hillard. This discourse possesses the highest and the rarest merits. It shows a careful study and a thorough appreciation of Mr. Webster's character, which is analyzed with masterly ability, and delineated with a clearness and simplicity beautifully harmonizing with the subject. The style has the transparent purity of the best days of the English language, and at the same time, is marked by manly strength and force. In the statements there is no exaggeration, no intensity of expression ; but all that is said is strictly within the limits of sober truth, and is expressed with exquisite refinement of phrase. In some passages, the feeling of the moment, too strong to be kept down to the general tone on which the discourse is pitched, rises to fervid eloquence. The closing passages are among the finest ever spoken in Faneuil Hall. No one in the vast throng that crowded its floor, platform, and galleries, will ever forget the solemn and imposing scene of mourning presented by the Hall, clothed in the sable drapery of woe, the scattered lights contrasting with the heavy shadows that fell across the silent multitudes, as they listened breathlessly to the words of the speaker. But we need not dwell either on the scene or the discourse. Both live in the memories of all who shared in the mourning pageantry — heartfelt as pageantry never was before. The eulogy has been read all over the country, and will be read as long as Mr. Webster's name shall be known among men.

The sketch of the last days of Mr. Webster, by Mr. Ticknor, is drawn up with delicacy and tenderness of feeling. It presents a most impressive picture of the most memorable death-bed in history. We close this notice with a somewhat long extract. We are sure our readers will agree with us that we could lay before them nothing more interesting.

“The day when the preparation of the will was completed — Thursday — was one in which Mr. Webster had attended to much public business, besides giving his usual careful directions about every thing touching his household and his large estate. It was intended, therefore, to postpone the final signing and execution of that paper until the next morning ; more especially as his forenoons were uniformly more comfortable than the later portions of the day. But, in the afternoon, his complaint assumed a new and more formidable character. Blood was suddenly ejected from his stomach. The symptom

was decisive. He fixed an intensely scrutinizing look upon Dr. Jeffries, — his attending physician and personal friend, — and inquired what it was? He was answered that it came from the diseased part. ‘What is it?’ he repeated, with the same piercing look, and then, without waiting for a reply, added, ‘*That* is the enemy; — if you can conquer *that*’ — he was interrupted by a recurrence of the attack, but his mind, it was obvious, was already made up. He knew that his time must be short, and that whatever he had to do, must be done quickly.

“He determined, therefore, at once to execute his will. It was made ready and brought to him. He ascertained that its provisions and arrangements were entirely satisfactory to the persons most interested in them, and then, having signed it with a larger boldness and freedom in the signature than was common to him, he folded his hands together, and said solemnly, ‘I thank God for strength to perform a sensible act.’ In a full voice, and with a most reverential manner, he went on and prayed aloud for some minutes, ending with the Lord’s Prayer, and the ascription, ‘And now unto God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be praise forever more. Peace on earth, and good will towards men;’ — after which, clasping his hands together, as at first, he added, with great emphasis, — ‘*That* is the happiness — the essence — *Good wil towards men.*’

“Much exhausted with the effort, he desired all but Dr. Jeffries and a favorite colored nurse, who had long been in his service, to leave the room, that he might rest. But, before he slept, he said, ‘Doctor, you look sober. You think I shall not be here in the morning. But I shall. I shall greet the morning light.’

“The next forenoon, he repeated a similar assurance to his kind and faithful physician, who, as he thought, again looked sad, though he was only overcome with fatigue and long watching. ‘Cheer up, Doctor — cheer up — I shall not die to-day. You will get me along *to-day*.’ And so he went on through Friday, giving comfort and kind thoughts to all who surrounded him. In the course of the morning, he attended to the public business that needed immediate care, and gave directions for every thing about his farm and household as usual, and, in the evening sent for the person who managed his affairs, and directed him, with more than his customary exactness, concerning all arrangements for the next day.

“But when the next day — Saturday — came, he felt as he had not felt before. He felt that it was his *last* day. About eight o’clock in the morning, therefore, he desired that all in the room should leave it, except Dr. Jeffries, who had been his physician for a long period, and who had now been in constant attendance on him, living in the house, for above a week. During the night Mr. Webster perceived that he had grown weaker by excessive loss of blood from the stomach. He had just suffered afresh in the same way. But when he was certain that he was alone with his professional adviser, and that no loving ear would be pained by what he should say, he spoke in a perfectly clear and even voice, but with much solemnity of manner, and said, ‘Doctor, you have carried me through the night. I think you will get me through the day. I shall die to-night.’ The faithful physician, much moved, said, after a

pause, 'You are right, Sir.' Mr. Webster then went on:— 'I wish you, therefore, to send an express to Boston for some younger person to be with you. *I shall die to-night.* You are exhausted, and must be relieved. Who shall it be?' Dr. Jeffries suggested a professional brother, Dr. J. Mason Warren, adding that he was the son of an old and faithful friend of Mr. Webster. Mr. Webster replied instantly, 'Let him be sent for.'

"Dr. Jeffries left the room to prepare a note for the purpose, and, on returning, found that Mr. Webster had made all the arrangements necessary for its despatch, having given minute directions who should go;— what horse and what vehicle he should use;— what road he should follow;— where he should take a fresh relay;— and how he should execute his errand on reaching the city. He also desired that provision should be made for summoning some other professional friend, if Dr. Warren could not be found, or could not come; and on being told that this, too, had been foreseen and cared for, he seemed much gratified, and said emphatically, 'Right, right.'

"After some repose, he conversed with Mrs. Webster, with his son, and with two or three other of the persons nearest and dearest to him in life, in the most affectionate and tender manner, not concealing from them his view of the approach of death, but consoling them with religious thoughts and assurances, as if support were more needful for their hearts than for his own. On different occasions, in the course of the day, he prayed audibly. Oftener, he seemed to be in silent prayer and meditation. But, at all times, he was quickly attentive to whatever was doing or need to be done. He gave detailed orders for the adjustment of whatever in his affairs required it, and superintended and arranged every thing for his own departure from life, as if it had been that of another person, for whom it was his duty to take the minutest care.

"After nightfall, he received at his bedside each member of his family and household, the friends gathered under his roof, and the servants, most of whom having been long in his service had become to him as affectionate and faithful friends. It was a solemn and religious parting, in which, while all around him were overwhelmed with sorrow, he preserved his accustomed equanimity, speaking to each words of appropriate kindness and consolation which they will treasure hereafter among their most precious and life-long possessions.

"During the whole course of his illness, Mr. Webster never spoke of his disease or of his sufferings, except in the most general terms, or in order to give information to his medical advisers; but it was plain to Dr. Jackson, who was twice called in consultation; to Dr. Warren, who was with him during the last night of his life; and to Dr. Jeffries, who was his constant attendant from the first, that he noted and understood every thing that related to his condition, and its successive changes. His conversation on this, as on all other subjects, was perfectly easy and simple;— the deep tones of his voice remained unchanged;— his gentleness was uniform;— and the expressions of his affection to those who approached him, and even to those who were absent, but who were carefully remembered by him in messages of kindness, were true, tender, and faithful to the end. No complaint escaped from him; nor did he show the least impatience under his infirmities, or the least reluct-

ance to die. He felt the value and the power of life, and he was full of love for his home, and for all that surrounded him there and made him happy. But his submission to the will of God was entire. He said, on one occasion, "I shall lie here patiently until I die;" and he did so. But, through those wearisome days, he preserved his natural manner in every thing, and maintained, without effort, those just and true relations between himself and all persons, things, and occurrences about him, which through life had marked him so strongly and had given such dignity and power to his character.

"From the morning of Saturday, when he had announced to his attendant — what nobody, until that time had intimated — that he 'should die that night,' the whole strength of his great faculties seemed to be directed to obtain for him a plain and clear perception of his onward passage to another world, and of his feelings and condition at the precise moment when he should be entering its confines. Once, being faint, he asked if he were not *then* dying? and on being answered that he was not, but that he was near to death, he replied simply, 'Well;' as if the frank and exact reply were what he had desired to receive. A little later, when his kind physician repeated to him that striking text of Scripture, — 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me,' — he seemed less satisfied, and said, 'Yes;' — but the *fact*, the *fact* I want;" — desiring to know if he were to regard these words as an intimation, that he was *already* within that dark valley. On another occasion, he inquired whether it were likely that he should again eject blood from his stomach before death, and being told that it was improbable, he asked, 'Then *what* shall you do?' Being answered that he would be supported by stimulants, and rendered as easy as possible by the opiates that had suited him so well, he inquired, at once, if the stimulant should not be given *immediately*; anxious again to know if the hand of death were not *already* upon him. And on being told, that it would not be *then* given, he replied, 'When you give it to me, I shall know that I may drop off at once.'

"Being satisfied on this point, and that he should, therefore, have a final warning, he said, a moment afterwards, 'I will, then, put myself in a position to obtain a little repose.' In this he was successful. He had intervals of rest to the last; but on rousing from them, he showed that he was still intensely anxious to preserve his consciousness, and to watch for the moment and act of his departure, so as to comprehend it. Awaking from one of these slumbers, late in the night, he asked distinctly if he were alive, and on being assured that he was, and that his family was collected around his bed, he said, in a perfectly natural tone, as if assenting to what had been told him, because he himself perceived that it was true, 'I still live.' These were his last coherent and intelligible words. At twenty-three minutes before three o'clock, without a struggle or a groan, all signs of life ceased to be visible; his vital organs giving way at last so slowly and gradually as to indicate, — what every thing during his illness had already shown, — that his intellectual and moral faculties still maintained an extraordinary mastery amidst the failing resources of his physical constitution.

“ And so there passed out of this world one of its great, beneficent, and controlling spirits. As the sun rose on that quiet Sabbath morning, the expected, yet dreaded event, was announced as a public calamity, first, by the solemn discharge of minute guns, and afterwards by the tolling of bells, over a large part of the land — a spontaneous outbreak of the general feeling at the loss all had suffered. How heavily it fell on the hearts of men in this city, where he was best known, and especially what deep grief, mingled with bitter recollections of the past, and anxious forebodings for the future, marked each of the three memorable days, — consecrated as no three similar days ever were consecrated among us, to public mourning, — may be partly gathered from the records which this volume is intended to collect and preserve. The rest — little of which can be recorded — will dwell, among their saddest and most sacred thoughts, in the memories of all who share in the moving services of those solemn occasions, or who gathered around that peaceful, sea-girt grave, and will be transmitted by them to their children, as the warning traditions of a great national sorrow.”